# McKean County Miner.

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*McKean County Miner.*

I. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via B., N. Y., & P. (Clermont Branch) arrives at 12:15 p. m. and 6:37 p. m., and leaves at 8:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

Mail via B., R. & K. N. R. arrives at 10 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., and leaves at 6:00 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.

Cleveland & Canaseraga Mail leaves at 12:15 p. m. and arrives at 3:30 p. m.

Church Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 p. m. and departs at 10:30 a. m. of same days.

Special Mails can be had on application at any time before leaving time.

Money Orders will not be issued or Letters Registered between 12 m. and 1:30 p. m.

Office open every Sunday for delivery of mail from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

CLARK WILSON, P. M.

Lodge Directory

F. & A. M.

MCKEAN LODGE, No. 285, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

E. K. FOSTER, W. M.

C. M. SMITH, Secy.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 132, meets every second, fourth and last Thursday evening of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Barden Block.

WARREN GOODRICH, M. W.

NICHOLAS GORTON, Recorder.

K. A. I.

Meets on first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

L. ROGERS, President.

W. R. KENNEY, Secretary.

G. A. R.

Post 253, G. A. R., meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Barden Block.

H. M. CHOATE, Com.

I. ROGERS, Adjutant.

W. R. C.

Meets every Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Barden Block.

MISS HELEN MORRISON, Pres't.

MISS ELLA WILCOXSON, Sec'y.

L. of H. U.

Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in Barden Hall.

A. R. COEY, N. G.

A. T. SHANAHAN, Sec'y.

K. of H. M.

Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in Barden Block.

F. S. REYNOLDS, Com.

H. H. GARCIA, K. R.

W. C. T. U.

Meets every alternate Friday afternoon, at 30, in Temperance Headquarters.

MISS S. A. SCULL, Pres't.

MRS. M. K. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

Y. W. C. T. U.

Meets every Friday evening, at 7:30, in Temperance Headquarters.

MRS. W. F. BOSWICK, Pres.

MISS LYDIA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Knights of St. Marks and the Iron Cross.

Meetings in Barden Hall on first and third Wednesdays in the month at 7 p. m.

BENNETT WALLACE, K. C.

CHAS. GALLUP, Scribe.

REV. H. H. MCCARTHEE, Warden.

Smethport Encampment, No. 273, I. O. O. F.

Meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in Barden Hall.

J. A. MORRISON, Chief Patriarch.

H. M. GARCIA, Scribe.

Churches

*Methodist*—REV. W. F. CHAMBERLAIN, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after morning services. Class Meeting at 10 a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Class meetings Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. Class meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

*Baptist*—REV. W. ST. CLAIR, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in every month. Lord's Supper every two months. All are welcome.

*Episcopal*—F. STERRIS MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. on the first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

*St. Luke's Church, Ormsby*—East Smethport—REV. H. MARIS MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine service every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

*St. Elizabeth Catholic Church*—J. J. GALLAGHER, pastor. Mass at 8 a. m. Service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on alternate Sundays at Smethport and Clermont.

*Presbyterian Church*—J. G. BRAD, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30, Sabbath school at 11:30 a. m., preaching every Sunday evening at 7:30, and class meeting at noon of morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

*Universalist Church*—J. G. BRAD, pastor. Preaching at 2:30 p. m. every meeting after services; Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.



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March 15, 1889-1y.

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDIVENT

Would respectfully announce to the patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING

in the latest styles of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

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## Professional Cards.

### Attorneys.

JOHN N. APPLE, Notary Public. J. W. BOUTON.

**Apple & Bouton,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on 2nd floor of Henry Hamlin's Bank Building, Main St., Smethport, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Examination and abstracts of land titles, Orphans' Court practice, and collections specialties.

E. B. STONE, W. W. BROWN, O. A. STURGIS

**Stone, Brown & Sturgis,**

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office: Pumpelion Hall, Bradford, Pa.

**Geo. A. Berry.**

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Rooms 5 and 6, Berry & Melvin Block, Bradford, Pa.

BYRON D. SAWIN. JOHN FORREST.

**Hamlin & Forrest,**

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the late deed Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Coudersport) in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

**Herbert H. Glass.**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over H. Hamlin's Banking Office, Smethport, Pa.

**Sheffelton Garrison.**

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Office in Exchange Block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

**E. L. Kennard.**

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Chamberlain House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

**F. Ford.**

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**J. R. Williams.**

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**Showerman & Ayles,**

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**Mullin & McClure.**

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**James C. Hoyce.**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND COUNSELOR IN PATENT CAUSES, Office: Rooms 3, Cor. Main & Webster Sts., Bradford, McKean Co., Pa.

**E. E. Mayo.**

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Glassaux Block, Smethport, Pa.

**P. M. Colter.**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Kinzua, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

### Physicians.

**S. I. Wells, M. D.**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office at the Drug Store of H. C. Wells, Smethport, Pa.

**H. L. McCoy.**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in E. E. McCoy's drug store, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

**S. D. Freeman,**

SURGEON, Obstetrician and Consulting physician and surgeon. Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m., Smethport, Pa.

**Dr. Mary Chadwick.**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Prompt attention given to calls day or night. Office and door east of W. T. Callar's drug store, Smethport.

C. M. COLEGROVE,

**County and Practical Surveyor!**

Smethport, Penn'a.

July 21, 1871.

### HOTELS.


WRIGHT HOUSE

Main Street, Smethport, Penn'a, R. F. Wright, Proprietor.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Grand Central Hotel,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa. F. N. Taylor, Proprietor.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COLEMAN HOUSE,

ELDRED, PA.

Opposite the N. Y. & P. Railroad Depot.

On the European Plan.

Newly refitted and refurnished. First-class Restaurant in connection with the House. Terms reasonable.

Dec. 17, 1886.

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Kane, Pa. H. E. Looker, Proprietor.

Remodeled and refurnished, and one of the best hotels in McKean County.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,

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This Hotel has been recently built anew, newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public. JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

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Special attention is given to cutting Ladies' hangs in all the leading styles. Ladies can feel perfectly safe in calling at my shop, as the strictest order is maintained.

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to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

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Friends and patrons are invited to

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Main St., Smethport, Pa.


# The Ards House Mystery.

A LEAF FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POLICE OFFICER.

By EDWARD HEALE.

The "Ards House Mystery," as it was called, made some noise at the time, but the circumstances are now, I dare say, pretty well forgotten, so I may as well set down here what I know about the matter. This is, indeed, all that is to know, and more than anybody else knows, for I happened to be intimately mixed up in it.

"The Ards" is the name of a small estate in the neighborhood of Ashbury, where I was stationed for a number of years, and Ards house, where the proprietor and his family resided, a moderate sized country mansion, was situated about a hundred yards off the London road. When the remarkable occurrence I am about to narrate took place the family consisted of Mr. Austin, the "Squire," as he was sometimes called by country people of the old fashioned type, a grandson, a granddaughter and a more distant relative, a young man to whom Miss Willoughby, the granddaughter, was reported to be engaged. The domestic officers of the family were, as usual in districts not thickly peopled, pretty well known to their neighbors; but inasmuch as I will here mention by way of introduction to my narrative was learned afterwards and brought no into closer contact with some of its members.

Till within eighteen months of the time when these events occurred the Austin family had consisted only of Mr. Austin and his two grandchildren. Horace Austin was the only son of an only son and had lived with Mr. Austin from childhood as the recognized as well as rightful heir to the estate. He had grown up amid country occupations, and might have sat to a character painter as a model for the ideal country gentleman. Stoutly made, a healthy, choral complexion, merry brown eyes, a mass of light, curly hair and a frank, pleasant smile for every one he met. Manners rather jolly than refined, and more given to field sports than what are called "intellectual pursuits." His relations with his grandfather had hitherto been understood to be of the most cordial kind.

Florence Willoughby was the child of a daughter who had married well, and, like Horace, was now an orphan. She was heiress in her own right to considerable wealth, and it was understood that her future provision would form no burden on the estate. When I first saw her she was 19 (Horace being about half a dozen years older), and a more young lady than she was then I never clapped eyes upon, and I have seen a few in my day. Mr. Austin's cherished wish was that the two cousins should marry, and an engagement had seemed likely to come about. So far as I could learn, while Horace almost worshiped his young and beautiful cousin, on the side of Florence there had been little reciprocation of the sentiment. She liked Horace, however, and seemed willing in time to gratify the desire of her grandfather.

But the introduction into the house of a new inmate altered matters entirely.

Gerald Lowe was the son of a distant and poor connection of the family, to whom at one time Mr. Austin believed he had been under deep obligation. By way of repaying this debt he had taken charge of Gerald's education, carried him forward in preparation for the legal profession, and just before starting him on an independent career had invited him to pass a long visit at Ards house. His conduct had been represented in London, where his home was, and this was his first introduction to the family of his benefactor. Handsome, rather refined in appearance and of insinuating address, Gerald's manner seems to have won upon all in a short time the good opinion of old and young, especially of the young ladies. The heart which had stood out against the solid merits of Horace Austin yielded to the more attractive accomplishments of Gerald Lowe. Horace was fair and ruddy; Gerald was dark, interestingly pale, and sprinkled (as they say in novels). Horace was neither literary nor musical; Gerald was both, and the favorable impression made by his accomplishments was deepened by an accident which discovered common tastes and sentiments. Whether Lowe's talk was a return to the beauty of the girl or was affected by the wealth of the heiress is hard to tell, but he was soon Miss Willoughby's declared and accepted lover. It could not but be that he should now fall in the estimation, or at least in the favor, of the two Austins; but after some opposition on the part of her grandfather, and a "last appeal" on the part of her cousin, the inevitable was acquiesced in, and an engagement grudgingly sanctioned.

Gerald Lowe was, of course, no match in a worldly sense for the young heiress, and his having availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his patron's beneficence to entrap the affections of his granddaughter was considered by some to prove him unworthy of her in other respects. Mr. Austin, however, as I learned from a friend of his to whom he was in the habit of unburdening himself, endeavored to take a more favorable view of the matter. "I am, of course, deeply grieved by the turn affairs have taken," he said, "but Gerald belongs to the same family stock, has been well educated, is of good character so far as I know, and she has money enough for both. And love, you know, obeys no laws—at least, none but its own."

This was how matters stood when at an early hour one summer morning (it was July 2, 18—) a man rushed into our office with the intelligence that Mr. Austin had been murdered during the night by thieves, who had at the same time carried away some valuable property.

In two minutes I was hurrying, accompanied by Simpkins (my trusty subordinate) towards Ards house.

We arrived at the house almost simultaneously with Dr. Gayles, to whom also a hasty summons had been dispatched. We were ushered into the room where the body lay as it had been found. A short examination assured Dr. Gayles that life was irrecoverably gone.

"He has certainly died from violence," he said; "I should say from strangulation, by the grip of human hands; the marks of the fingers are but too apparent. A blow has also been given with some blunt weapon on the temple. He has been dead some hours. You must communicate with the coroner at once."

I now proceeded to examine and question, and the result, shortly stated, was as follows:

The servant on going to call his master at the usual hour found the bedroom door locked—an unusual circumstance, it appears—and, failing to obtain a reply after repeatedly knocking, had given the alarm. Access having been obtained another way, Mr. Austin was discovered as we saw him; his eyes glazed and staring, his hands clenched and the marks alluded to by the doctor on his temple and neck. The window was up, and a search proved that a gold watch with valuable appendages, and two silver cups with inscriptions, which had stood under glass covers on a side table, had been carried away. These were the only valuables missing, but it seemed enough to suggest—burglary.

I thoroughly scrutinized the room, the window, the doors. It was a large room, which Mr. Austin had used for an evening sitting room. The door which had been locked inside opened on the corridor, the other, by which entrance had been gained, communicated through a dressing room with another bedroom, in which Horace Austin slept. The housekeeper, a portly dame, who seemed half dazed by the horrible occurrence, thought the doors between the two bedrooms usually stood open. The dressing room was shared between the two men, and had been so since Horace was a boy. Horace was in the habit of locking his bedroom door, the one that opened on the corridor, but thought he had found it open that morning, still could not be certain. No one, she told me, had heard any noise during the night, nor had any suspicious characters, so far as she knew, been lately noticed prowling about the premises. The window, she thought, was usually fastened by Mr. Austin when he went to bed—she had often found it so next morning—but he certainly might forget it sometimes. She sometimes found it open in the morning. She supposed it must have been left unfastened the previous night, as there were no prints broken. We went outside [illegible] of the window, which [illegible] might easily have [illegible] fully examined the ground [illegible] with. I was puzzled.

Leaving Simpkins [illegible] I re-entered the bedroom and took another look at the window sill. Neither there nor on the ground below were there any marks to indicate entrance or retreat. Musingly I approached the bed where the dead man lay, and in an absent manner lifted one of the clenched hands. Something dark, but hardly visible, protruded between two of the fingers. It had evidently escaped notice hitherto. With gentle and patient endeavor I opened the fingers a little, and released from their grasp a small piece of silk, which, after looking at it attentively, I placed carefully in my pocket-book.

*It had evidently escaped notice hitherto.*

In another room the three relatives were anxiously awaiting the result of my inquiries. When I entered Miss Willoughby was half extended on a sofa, and Gerald Lowe (whom I knew well enough by sight) was bending over her. Young Mr. Austin came forward hurriedly.

"What do you make of it, Mr. ——, Mr.——?"

"What do you make of this horrible business, Mr. Denham?"

"I can't say I make much yet."

"The villain or villains cannot yet have got far away. There must be no time lost. Offer a reward—any amount—if necessary. Spare no money."

"Not a [illegible] may depend, in following up whatever clew we get the end of."

"Nothing can be plainer," broke in Lowe impetuously. "Some scoundrels have got in by the window and my dear old friend having awakened while they were getting hold of their booty, has been silenced—in the way you see."

I looked at each alternately, before answering, and then said I would like to see the servants.

I sat in a room, and the domestics were one by one sent in to me. I made a show of questioning them; they could tell me no more than I had already learned, but my object was family information. The first was that I suspected this job had not been done from the outside at all, and I wished to see if any of the underlings were likely persons to be implicated in such an affair. As the last went I shook my head and said to myself, "Nothing there, Denham."

I next announced that we would look over the house.

"Do you mean the private apartments?" asked the lady.

"Yes."

"What!" said Lowe, with what I couldn't help thinking a startled look; "do you mean you will search my—Miss Willoughby's dressing room and—and bedroom?"

"I am sure they are quite at liberty," said she.

"Certainly, they are quite at liberty to search any room in the house," said Horace Austin.

"What is your object?" asked Lowe.

"Do you suspect any one here?"

"Well," I said, evasively, "it is usual in such cases."

We went over the servants' apartments hurriedly, but I lingered long in Horace Austin's, turned over everything, had boxes unlocked, and wardrobes opened. Miss Willoughby's I merely scanned, but again lingered in Lowe's. Here I thought once I had found something—a silk cravat of a particular pattern. I furtively compared it with the scrap in my pocket book, and laid it down again with a sigh. At the close of the search I had really found nothing.

"Well," said Horace as I was going away.

"I have nothing to communicate at present, Mr. Austin; be sure you will hear from me as soon as I have. Here is my private address, in case you should want me."

On getting back to town I took one of my colleagues into counsel (Simpkins always agreed with me, so was of no use). We agreed that there was room for suspecting that the crime had been committed by some inmate of Ards House, but not sufficient ground to go upon for an arrest; that it was possible upon for an arrest; that it was possible I was mistaken—that the window might have been left unfastened, and that a catlike burglar might have crept in and out without leaving any marks behind him; and that there was no presumption against any one in particular—the servants I had settled to be out of the question, Miss Willoughby was equally so, and Gerald Lowe had absolutely nothing to gain by the old man's death. Horace, who alone seemed to have access at night to his grandfather's room, came into his fortune, of course, a year or two sooner—but—no, it would not do.

Accordingly, no time was lost in communicating to the police over the country the facts of the case, and a description (which I had taken down from Miss Willoughby) of the missing articles. In due time the coroner held his inquest, but nothing new was brought out. What I and others had to tell really bore hard against Horace Austin.

For one thing, the housekeeper was made to recollect having heard high words in her master's room as she passed the door on the evening before the murder, and having seen Horace come out some time thereafter. It would not have surprised me though he had been committed; but an open verdict was returned of willful murder against some person or persons unknown. I did not, for obvious reasons, produce on this occasion the rag of silk I had found in the dead man's hand. It could serve no purpose then, and to be of future use my possession of it must remain secret.

All efforts on the part of the police in London and elsewhere to get on the track of the culprit or stolen articles proved vain. There were one or two arrests on suspicion, only to be followed by liberation of the suspects. This kept public expectation on the stretch, and very soon the usual impatient and severe remarks on the "inefficiency of our police officials" began to be made. The "Ards House Mystery" formed a staple paragraph in all the papers, and some of them hinted, in terms that could not be misunderstood, that Horace Austin should be brought to trial.

An official came down from London to investigate, and went away agreeing that a prosecution in the present state of our information would only lead to a disgraceful break down.

Gerald Lowe came and forwards to the house, I became in a sort of way intimate, and was treated by no one with more appearance of friendliness than by Gerald Lowe. I must confess, however, that it was on this last mentioned person that my suspicions had from the first turned. Looks and words, of little value when reported to a third party, had turned my attention in this direction. And I must further confess on my own account I had him watched from the first, and his doings quietly noted. Horace was the only one who had gained anything by the old man's death, yet I felt somehow that he was innocent.

Two or three weeks had gone past, and nothing had resulted from the watch. Gerald had wandered a good deal about, had taken to diving into tree clumps, and standing gazing dreamily into a little stream which ran through the grounds, but had never gone many miles from the house. Horace had ridden out occasionally for exercise; and Miss Willoughby had only left the house twice, when she called at my private office for "news."

Things were in this position when—it was the day after the London man had been down—I had occasion to call at the Ashbury bank on a piece of business which necessitated a prolonged interview with the manager. At the close our talk turned, as a matter of course, on the "mystery."

"Mr. Austin was here only one day before it happened," the manager remarked.

"Ah! he was an exact man of business, I believe."

"Yes, but do you know I thought I observed some falling off on that occasion—some confusion of mind not usual to him. In checking his account he objected to one draft—was positive he had not drawn that day, and supported himself by reference to his note book. I showed him the check. On looking at it first, he declared it was a forgery, but afterwards drew in his words and admitted himself mistaken.

My card felt like growing wider every word he uttered.

"May I ask you," I said, "to give me the particulars of that interview?"

"That is all," he answered; "when I told him who presented it he said he must have made a mistake, and went away abruptly, making his preparations in a hurried, nervous manner."

"And who presented it?"

"His young relative, who had been his messenger on a before."

"Horace Austin?"

"No, no—Mr. Lowe."

"What was the amount, please?"

"Two hundred, and it was paid in four fifties."

I noted the date on which the check was cashed and the number of the notes, with which the manager readily furnished me, thanked him and took my leave.

Had I at last got hold of one end of the clew? What should I do next? After thinking the matter over I wrote to them in London to find out among the law people what were Gerald Lowe's character and habits, who were his associates, when he was last in town, and if he had then paid away any money. I could not trust our people to find out as much as that easily. I was not disappointed. In two days I learned that Lowe had been "fast" in a sly way, had been engaged in betting transactions, had associated much with one Dennis Dubois, had been last in London on June 15 (the check had been presented on the 14th), and had then paid money to said Dubois.

I determined to go up to town myself, and while preparing for the journey was startled by a visit from Horace Austin. His looks were gloomy and depressed in the extreme.

"Denham," he said, "I am going to demand to be put on trial."

"No, no; don't do that, sir."

"I must. I know what is being said, and I will be tried and cleared. I would not have hurt a hair of his head—my dear grandfather," and he fairly broke down.

"I believe you, Mr. Austin"—and so I did—"and I beseech you, do nothing in that direction."

"I must," he repeated.

"Promise me at least that you will delay for a few days. I have good reasons for insisting."

He looked at me wistfully and inquiringly.

"I can say nothing more," I said; "but you must promise."

After a little he acquiesced, and went away.

I was not long in London before I was in the presence of Mr. Dubois. I found him in a stable yard, and nothing loth to share a quart of beer. He was a small, swarthy, dapper fellow, markedly "horsey."

"You know one Gerald Lowe?" was a question I soon put.

"Oh, yes, I know Lowe."

"He paid you some money on June 15 last?"

"I don't know as to the date, but he paid me about that time what I had a deuced deal of trouble to get out of him."

"How did you manage to get it out of him?"

"I threatened to blow him up with his fine friends."

"And that did it?"

"Well, not at first. He staved me off with talk about a rich marriage coming on. But I didn't believe him—Lowe was always a shuffler—and I couldn't wait, being pressed myself. So I wrote him to pay up at once, or next post I would apply for the money to Mr. Austin. In a couple of days he came through and paid me the money."

"Would it be too much to ask you to name the sum?"

"Not at all—two hundred."

"How paid?"

"In four fifties."

"Did you take the numbers of the notes?"

He laughed at that, saying notes didn't usually stay so long with him as to require such precautions.

I looked disappointed.

"But I'll tell you what," he said, after a pause; "I shouldn't wonder but the skinflint to whom I passed them over does that kind of thing. He's the sort of fellow. Come over to his office and see."

The "skinflint" was a middle aged, cadaverous individual, seated behind a desk, with spectacles on his nose, over which he looked at us scrutinizingly as we entered. My business being stated, and seemingly pronounced inwardly not to be dangerous, a book was turned over and the numbers of the notes read off without hesitation. They coincided precisely with those in my note book.

So far, so good. As I traveled homeward I cogitated my next step. The check had evidently been forged, and Mr. Austin had known it to be so, though he had withdrawn his statement to that effect at the bank. But how to prove that? Lowe might say he got the money from Mr. Austin to pay the debt. What took place after Mr. Austin got home on June 80? Did he tax Lowe with the fraud? What was the secret of the fond words, heard by the housekeeper on the following night, proceeding from Mr. Austin's room? Lowe might have left and Horace gone in while she was away from the door. Lowe, I said to myself, must have sealed the window in the night, murdered the old man to prevent exposure, and taken away the valuables to throw everybody off the scent. But how did he get out and in at the house doors without being seen or heard? Stop—he might have gone into Mr. Austin's room by the door, which, by all accounts, stood usually unlocked. But how did he get out again? He might have got through the dressing room and Horace's bedroom, but hardly without detection. I had it all pretty distinctly set out in my own mind, but where were the probative facts? It looked pretty dark as yet. An unexpected light was to be thrown on the matter that very evening.

I was sitting at tea enjoying the sensation of rest after exertion, when I had again a visitor from Ards House. This time it was not Horace, but Miss Willoughby.

Since the event which first brought me in contact with this lady I had seen and spoken to her several times. On the first or the first two occasions she seemed merely prostrate with grief and horror, but afterwards had exhibited a nervous excitement, painful to witness. The burden of her talk with me had been; "Had no trace been yet got of the criminal or the stolen articles? Was I not sure now that somebody must have broken in by the window? What were the people saying?" and so on.

When she lifted her veil as I entered the room into which she had been shown I was shocked to see how ill she looked. Cheeks pale and sunk, lips contracted as if in pain, eyes weary like and yet restless.

She rose and laid a morocco bound, brazen clasped volume on the table.

"There," she said, "I cannot hide it longer, let the worst come of it."

"My dear young lady," I said, laying my hand upon the book, "what is this?"

"I will tell you. A few days after—after that happened, I found it in one of my grandfather's private drawers. I recognized it at once as what he called his diary, in which he was in the habit of jotting something almost every night. [illegible] I, and he frequently referred to it when any question arose as to the date of particular domestic occurrences. I took it to my own room, promising myself a sad sort of pleasure in looking over some of his simple entries. It opened, when I unclasped it, at the last written page. It was dated at top July 1, the very night before his—his death. I turned back a leaf to June 30, and began to read. What I read shocked me very much, but it was not for a day or two that I began to connect it with my grandfather's end. Gradually, however, the horrible idea of this connection crept into my mind, and then began a struggle which has nearly torn me to pieces. You wonder at my speaking thus to you, almost a stranger, but I have no one else to speak to, except Horace, and I could not speak on this matter to him. Twenty times I have had that book in my hand to destroy it, but always seemed withheld by an unseen power. As often have I resolved to give it up to you, but my limbs as well as my heart failed me. I began to have terrible dreams nightly. It was always my grandfather urging me to something, and always some one else, whom you will find named there, struggling with him and dragging him away. At length I could bear it no longer. There it is, let the worst come of it. I cannot help it. Read it, perhaps," she added, wistfully, "you may think there is not much in it after all."

I opened the book, and this is what I found:

*I opened the book, and this is what I found.*

"June 30—I have received a great shock today. It is always painful to discover that you have been deceived by those you have trusted and benefited. In any case it would have been a great grief to me to find that Gerald Lowe was a base fellow; as it is, the grief is perhaps more, but it is tempered by the feeling of a danger escaped. I was about to give him my dearest Florence. What a mercy that he is found out before and not after! I never liked him from the heart. When at the bank this morning I found that my name had been forged to a check for £900. I repudiated the transaction, but after hearing it was declared who presented it I drew back, pretended to recollect myself and admitted a mistake. But it was no mistake. The check was from my book and the signature was well imitated, but it was not mine. Horace and Gerald are the only persons who have access to my desk. I knew it could only be Gerald.

"In the course of the afternoon I made up my mind what to do. I took an opportunity of speaking to him privately. I told him what I had discovered. He made an attempt at denial, but I showed him it was useless. He then pleaded for forgiveness, said it was to pay a debt of honor and save him from disgrace, and that he had intended to pay it back (with Florence's money). I said that I would not only refrain from prosecuting him, but fulfill my promise of starting him in business, if he would relinquish Florence and disappear at once from Ards House for good and all. He flatly refused to do this. Florence loved him and he would not give her up. She would 'stick to him,' whatever I did. I told him Florence would never marry him when his conduct was made known to her. I gave him a day to think of it, and he left me in sullen silence. This is a long entry; it is not often I have anything so disturbing to write about. I am tired and must be off to bed.

"July 1. Gerald is still stubborn. He seems to think that in the affection of Florence he has a mainstay of safety. In pressing that point he showed himself in a worse light than ever. His past life must have been different from what I thought. I tried to show him that her love was founded on a delusion; that when she saw him as he was my prohibition of the marriage would be unnecessary. I again put the alternative before him—to give up Florence or be publicly prosecuted for forgery. I am afraid I lost my temper and spoke loudly; he did the same. At the end he asked another day and I consented. Florence must be saved at all hazards. It is her wealth, and not herself, he is so much in love with. Horace has just been in to say 'good night.' I was strongly moved to tell him all, but refrained."

The importance of this evidence in the handwriting of the deceased (which [illegible] could no doubt be sworn to) I saw at once, but to soothe Miss Willoughby's feelings I made somewhat light of it.

"My dear young lady," I said, "I must of course retain this; but I may tell you I had already evidence of the forgery—was, in fact, in London today about it—so, whatever happens, you need not look on yourself as having materially contributed to the result."

"I do not care what happens now," she said wearily.

"You are still interested in Mr. Lowe?"

"Not in the way I was. I will never marry him now."

"Have you told him so?"

"No; but he sees I am changed."

"Does he suspect the cause?"

"Not in the least."

"Pardon me for using the freedom; but do you still love him?"

She shuddered. "I feel instead a sort of repulsion whenever he approaches me."

"Then I have less hesitation in asking you not to oppose another effort I intend making to get nearer the truth. Where is Mr. Lowe now?"

"I left him preparing to start on a long ride with Horace."

"Then do not oppose our forcing an entrance into his room during his absence."

She agreed in the same weary tone, and in less than half an hour Simpkins and I were once more in Lowe's rooms turning things out and over as only professionals can. I had learned, a few days before, through cautiously questioning one of the domestics, that Lowe, since the murder, took the key of his apartments with him when he went out, which he was not previously in the habit of doing, and felt convinced there was something still there to find out which had escaped us on our former visit. The sitting and dressing room, entered from the passage, was a large, old fashioned looking apartment, with a wide fireplace and narrow window. The bedroom led from this and had no other outlet. In these two rooms our business lay.

We overhauled the bedroom first, without result, and returned to the outer room. Here we examined every hole, corner and receptacle.

"I don't think so," I said, and was crossing the room to make another dive into the wardrobe, among some loose gloves, ties, etc., when I felt my foot sink slightly on a plank of the flooring.

"Confound it!" I exclaimed. "What are we thinking of?"

In a few moments we had the carpet fastenings torn up—and I thought they came away astonishingly easy—the carpet rolled back, and the flooring bare. In front of the hearth we found a small round hole, into which, when I put my hand and pulled, a trap door rose easily on hinges. It was such a contrivance as I had seen before for stowing away conveniently a small supply of coals. I learned afterwards that such, in fact, had been the purpose of this construction, the rooms having been for many years occupied by an old and valued retainer of the family. On looking in I saw nothing but a heap of black dust; but Simpkins thrust his hand in, groped about, and pulled out a watch and chain. My heart bounded—we had him now. The reproach would be taken away from my order and its character vindicated. He next brought out one silver cup, then another, and finally a silk necktie. I seized on this last, shook it free from dust, and held it up. A small piece had been torn off from one end; that piece I had in my pocketbook. I had seen a tie of the same pattern on my first visit, but it was intact—he had had a pair of them. We had just gathered our prizes together when a key was thrust into the door, which we had fastened within. I quietly undid the fastening, and Gerald Lowe came in. It was now dusk, and he did not at first observe the state of his room. He came in and closed the door. We had come prepared for all contingencies. "You are my prisoner," I said, laying my hand upon his shoulder, and Simpkins quietly slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. By this time his eye had caught the open trap, and he sank on a chair speechless. He volunteered no remark, and we asked him no questions, but took him away quietly in a machine belonging to the house which was placed at our service.

I need not prolong my story; the result many will remember. Lowe asserted his innocence till after the trial, at which the evidence was strong enough to obtain a unanimous verdict of "willful murder," but, unlike many of his class, against whom the only evidence is circumstantial, he did not persist in falsehood to the end.

By his own account he had gone into Mr. Austin's room at a late hour to make a final appeal, and had found him partly undressed, preparing for bed. Mr. Austin had ordered him out of the room, when in a gust of passion he struck the old man on the head, and to prevent him crying out had grasped him by the neck and throttled him. After killing his victim he had coolly undressed him, put on his night clothes and laid him in bed, had then locked the door inside, opened the window and carried off the watch and cups to throw inquiry off the scent. Making himself certain that Horace was asleep, he had (as I surmised) stolen out that way, leaving of necessity the door of Horace's bedroom unlocked. When he reached his own room the question how to dispose of his booty presented itself, and after a little he remembered the box in the floor. He had discovered it one day during house cleaning operations. He took out the carpet fastenings carefully, and after depositing the articles replaced them as well as he could without using a hammer. His cravat, which had got torn somehow in the short struggle, he threw into the hole along with the other things. His design was to remove them as soon as possible and hide them away somewhere else, but day after day went past, and he never could summon courage to take them out, or fix on a suitable place for disposing of them safely.

He died professing to have repented of his crime, and a year afterwards the marriage was announced of Horace Austin, Esq., of Ards, to Florence, daughter of the late Sir Willoughby Willoughby, Bart.

THE END.

### Easter Eggs.

The good old days are past when everybody, everywhere, all the Christian world over, prepared, ate and exchanged "Pasque" eggs on Easter morning. Far up in the North English counties the youngsters still run to and fro singing "Pace Egger's Song:"

Here are two or three jolly boys all of one mind,
We've come a pace-egging, and hope you'll be kind;
We hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and your beer,
And we'll come no more near you until the New Year.

And in the remote east, amid the followers of the Greek church, gayly decorated eggs with shells of red and gold are still exchanged between friends with the salutation, "Christos voskres;" and the accompaniment of a kiss. But even there the centuries, with their inexorable sumptuary law, have interfered to abate the practice. Easter week is shorn of half its glories, the attendant festivities are limited to a single morning, and no longer, as of yore, do men and women continue in kissing and exchanging eggs for four days together."

Here, in our own country, little is known of these ancient customs. In farmhouse kitchens and over nursery fires, little people with smuggled in sauce pans, bits of "unreliable" calico and the assistance of the bluing bag, still produce various spotted and oddly colored spheres for the enchantment of mamma on Easter morning. Here and there a "Church" bakery displays a nestful of red and purple shells couched in green mo

# McKean County Miner

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Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Business notices in local column ten cents a line for one or three insertions. By the year or for three months rates low and liberal, and will be furnished on application. Marriages and obituaries published free. Resolutions of societies, and notices of entertainments, 5 cents each line. Notices of church fairs, festivals, concerts, and all entertainments of a similar character, where admission fees are charged, will be published at ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Yearly advertisements may be changed quarterly without extra charge. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance. Marriages, deaths and notices of church meetings inserted free. All communications should be addressed to the publishers, and not to individuals connected with the office.

E. ROGERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., July 26, 1889.


COUNTY TICKET

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
E. ROGERS,
of Smethport.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
M. J. HADLEY,
of Turtle Point.

[illegible] REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION
[illegible] CONVENE AT HARRISBURG, TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1889.

To the Republicans [illegible] of McKean county:
The Republicans [illegible] will meet by their representatives in delegate convention assembled, at the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on Wednesday, August 7, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for the following county offices, to-wit: One person for Treasurer, one person for County Surveyor, and one person for Coroner, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the convention.

The basis of representation will be one delegate for every fifty votes cast for Governor at the last general election, and one additional delegate for a fraction of fifty votes over one-half that number. The following will be the apportionment of delegates to the several districts of the county, based upon the vote for Governor in 1888:

[illegible] by party vacancies occurring in the representation from any district will be filled by the county committee of the party in the district.

By order of the County Committee.
WILLIAM B. [illegible], Chairman.

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There is a rush going on in Delaware to get in the State Senate by Senator Cooper. Ex Representative John B. Robinson is one of the candidates and he is eminently qualified for the position.

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Under the head of "This helps to tell the story," the Johnstown *Tribune* [illegible] is now publishing [illegible] notices of [illegible] and seventeen seizures' notices, all referring to the last of goods swept away by the flood. The saddest part of the Johnstown calamity is yet to come.

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Mr. CONGRESSMAN ROWELL of the House of Michigan was recently tendered the Vallparaiso consulate by the State Department which he promptly declined to accept. Subsequently he is reported as saying "If I can't be a table cloth, I won't be a dish rag." Who blames him for regarding the appointment as an insult?

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At state Prohibition [illegible] County Convention held in Elder's on Tuesday of this week J. P. Cody of Bradford was nominated for County Treasurer and Dr. Thos Kane, for County Surveyor. Miles Howe of Foster township, was elected Chairman of the County Committee and Geo. H. Lyon of Bradford secretary. Mrs. S. K. Kane, Miles Howe, Dr. H. H. Page and E. Staples were appointed as delegates to the State Convention.

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Hon. Wm. Flinn, of Pittsburgh, Chris Magee's right hand man, is a candidate for the seat in the State senate, recently made vacant by the resignation of Senator Newmyer, and he says he will be elected. If the Harrisburg newspapers of Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning last correctly report him, Colonel Quay is authority for the statement that Mr. Flinn will not be elected as evidently lies in the dim distance in a senatorial district of Allegheny county.

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The Civil Service Commission has dumped a nice mess into the lap of Postmaster General Wanamaker. It consists of a lot of evidence taken by the commission in regard to violations of law by the post office officials at Grand Rapids, Michigan. It is no choice a lot of swearing as anybody ever saw outside of the pages of a sensational novel. For instance, two men made affidavit before the commission that they were compelled by an official to pay a political contribution in October, 1886. The official charged with making this forced collection turned over to the commission affidavits made by these same men stating that they had not been asked to make and had not made any contribution during the last campaign. The commission can hardly be blamed for wanting to get rid of this case.

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The Indiana *Messenger* is in the midst of an interesting tussle with Judge Harry White. In the course of a column of unkind remarks it says "Within a few days after he sat as Chairman of the State Prohibition Convention at Harrisburg, he was in Philadelphia drinking whisky in the private office of an eminent lawyer of that city. Later he was in Washington doing the same thing at public bars." Judge White should at once enter suit for libel and bring out the full truth of the matter. It attacks the very foundations of his judicial reputation. No man who will put into his stomach the blended liquor of Philadelphia or the sour mash beverage of Washington, when, as trousers are now cut, he could carry a vial of real Monongahela in an inconspicuous yet convenient pocket, is fit to sit on the bench. If the handsome and accomplished Judge did not do this he should prove it, or if he really has no hip-pocket in his trousers he should change his tailor.—*Pittsburg Times*

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A Norwich township citizen is our authority for the statement, that a prominent citizen of East Smethport declared in that township on Tuesday last that "Rogers is responsible for Mrs. Capehart's appointment." There is about as much truth in that statement as there is in the one which has for the past few days had considerable foot-hold in this borough, that the same man was at the bottom of Kern's appointment. The facts are that both are utterly devoid of the truth and we hold evidence to prove them to be so. As an old soldier and good citizen we favored John Sowers' appointment, and made a personal appeal to Colonel Watson for it. We know nothing about Mr. Kern's appointment, and as we never heard his name mentioned in connection with the office, until it came after his recommendation had been telegraphed to Headquarters. A question very naturally arises, "would the East Smethport man have made the statement he did had Rogers not been a candidate for office, and he hoped to prejudice some of his friends in Norwich township against him?"

### NEW POSTMASTERS.

Last week the Post Office Department at Washington gave considerable attention to this county in the way of appointing new postmasters. In most instances the appointments came like a flash of lightning in a clear sky—entirely unexpected. The appointments made were as follows:

Smethport—J. M. Keeney.
Kendall Creek—J. C. Greenman.
Port Allegany—W. H. Mansfield.
Duke Center—W. H. Mansfield.
Mt. Alton—George N. Beaumont.
Turtle Point—E. Cooper.
East Smethport—Mrs. Mary J. Capehart.

Messrs. Kerns, Greenman, Brown, Randall and Cooper are recognized as republican workers in their local precincts and their appointments will give general satisfaction. The republicans of Mt. Alton are confident that George Beaumont voted for the Union labor candidate for President last fall they say that he was a Republican prior to the existence of that organization. This being the case his appointment is not acceptable to them. We are requested to make this statement but have no knowledge as to its correctness. The appointment of Mrs. Capehart in East Smethport has cost every mouth of a horse in that locality. John Sowers, a G. A. R. veteran and a thorough republican filed a petition with Congressman Watson, signed by a large majority of the voters and patrons of that office asking for his appointment. Mrs. Capehart, whose husband is well known as an uncompromising democrat, had the endorsement of perhaps a dozen voters, including two or three [illegible] of [illegible] party, but Watson should ignore the claims of the old soldier is the question which is agitating the citizens of East Smethport at this time.

Never in its history have the people of Smethport been more surprised than at the announcement at, which was first made on Friday last, that the present incumbent of the Smethport postoffice had been removed. Immediately after the 4th of March there were at least four citizens of the borough who consulted friends in reference to this appointment, but when President Harrison announced, as he did on several occasions, that no official would be removed without cause until the term for which he was appointed had expired, these gentlemen ceased looking after the appointment. They as well as the entire community believed that Postmaster Wilson would be left undisturbed in possession of the office for the full term of four years. The office was being conducted in a manner which gave entire satisfaction to its patrons. No officials could be more attentive to their duties or more courteous to those having business with the office than are the two young ladies (daughters of the postmaster) in charge. Not a man, woman or child in the entire community asked for a change and until Monday July 8th did any one suspect that there was to be any.

On that day Congressman Watson with his private secretary came to Smethport. He remained until Tuesday noon, and during that time he communicated the fact to a prominent gentleman of the place that, owing to irregularities of some character the P. M. General demanded the name of some one for appointment as post master. He had that official's letter with him in which the assertion was made that unless an officer from the department at Washington would be sent to take charge of the office. The gentleman referred to conferred with four other gentlemen who, if we are correctly informed, were the only citizens of Smethport who knew of the mission of the congressman. Two or three days after he left the name of Mr. Kerns was telegraphed to Col. Watson as the person selected by these gentlemen for postmaster.

No intelligent person in this community believes that an intentional wrong had been committed by any one connected with the postoffice. There may have been mistakes made which could have been easily rectified if attention had been called to them. That a feeling of disgust pervaded this community when the summary manner in which the postmaster was removed became known, is only giving expression to public sentiment.

### THIS TO BE IN POLITICS.

The fact that only a State Treasurer is to be elected in Pennsylvania this year makes many people to take a more or less indifferent view of the political situation. There are several things, however, which make this year an important one and call for particular activity on the part of Republicans.

While we have no idea there is any danger that this State can be carried for the Democrats, there is always considerable apathy in the dominant party in the first year of a new administration. Comparatively little of this feeling is apparent now, where in some former years it has plainly foretold defeat. The Republicans suffered from this in the first year of Governor Hoyt's term and in the first year of Hayes' term.

This ought not to be an off year. In nearly all the counties there are several leading county officers to elect, and the importance of winning all possible prestige thus year with which to enter the next campaign should be clear to all. No county now Republican should be lost this year either on the State or local ticket, and whether any shall be lost or not will depend largely upon the activity of the local party organization.

This is a good year to prepare for next, which is certain to be one of the most important campaigns this State has recently known. This can be done by close attention to all preliminary work, for much of what is done next year will be by local committees chosen within the coming two or three months. Let the choose be made with a full knowledge of what is needed.

The State organization of the party is in admirable shape, and Chairman Andrews will be sure to so maintain it. But it is the local work that tells as well, and those interested with it can do no better than emulate the restless activity of the chairman of the State Committee.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

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A BIG child's suit for $1 at M. Rosenfield's, equal to what you would pay $5 for elsewhere.

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REMEMBER M. Rosenfield is here to stay. He receives the latest styles every day—especially in clothing.

### WHERE TO TRAVEL.

The desire to visit foreign lands is natural and proper. When people have plenty of money and the heart to spend it in luxurious travel, it is their own affair, and no one has just cause to complain. But when an American undertakes to spend his money in European travel without having first seen his own country, his course is neither wise nor patriotic. In the whole wide world there is no other land so well calculated to charm the traveler as our own United States. It is great in natural scenery, great in manufactures, supremely grand in all the handiwork of nature and of nineteenth century development, excelled by Europe in one particular alone in the ruins that the hand of time have made, and in specimens of art and architecture that link us in imagination to the venerable long ago.

But for natural scenery and for luxurious means of travel that rob the journey of torture America stands pre-eminent. And to enjoy this feast of scenery no guide book is necessary. Go anywhere. First, see New York city. Go up the Hudson river to Albany on one of those palatial steamers see the modern palace or palatial cottages that tower above the hill tops or nestle on the sleep hillsides along the river itself in comparison with which the Thames and the Tiber, and even the Rhine, sink into littleness. See the shores of Lake Champlain and the Falls of Niagara. Visit New England's historic places and when the day is fine linger among the woodlands and the copses of the rugged rocks, where little inlets of the sea stretch their finger tips among the gigantic hills.

Go west over the Pennsylvania railroad or from Buffalo to Chicago on a lake steamer thence to Duluth, across the unsalted seas, take a trip in palaces see Stillwater and Kansas City, see Omaha, St. Paul and Minneapolis, visit Sioux City, the corn palace city of the world," cross the prairies of Dakota to the Black Hills region and the Yellowstone Park. Follow the iron rail across the Rocky Mountains, and scenery incomparable, magnificently grand. Travel down the golden slopes of the Pacific see the big trees of the Yosemite Valley, see Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and San Diego. Come back by a Southern route, across the hilly country of Southern California where the air is mild as a mother's love" over the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, New Orleans. Visit the battlefields of the South, whose memories may call a tear but not a blush to the cheek of an American. See Florida, see Atlanta and Birmingham and other southern cities where protected labor makes the solid South from dreams of a lost cause and buries the bloody shirt forever.

See Baltimore and Washington and Philadelphia and if you visit foreign parts spend an evening in New Jersey.

Such a tour will strengthen, broaden and ennoble an American. Twill forever fix his countrymen. He will have performed a wise and patriotic act and will have seen the grandest country and gave to man.

For from there, if he has money, see Europe if he will.—*N. Y. Press*

### KIND WORDS.

Brother Rogers of the Smethport MINER is receiving many flattering compliments since his nomination for County Treasurer and he is deserving of all said in his favor.—*Duke Center Inger*

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The Republicans of McKean county have done well in nominating our old friend Lucius Rogers for County Treasurer. The county generally goes Republican, and if a Republican is to fill the position, Lucius is our first choice for he is a very clever fellow.—*Emporium Independent, Pa.*

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The Republicans of McKean county nominated Col. L. Rogers, editor of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER, for County Treasurer, the nomination being made without opposition. Mr. Rogers is one of the steadfast Republicans of the Keystone State, always active and voice defending his party and its representatives and it gives us great pleasure to be able to record this recognition of his personal merits as well as claims upon his party.—*Brookville Republican*

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The Republicans of McKean county have nominated Hon. Lucius Rogers for County Treasurer and have only done their duty. He has worked faithfully and spent the greater portion of his life in building up the interests of McKean county. In the days when Smethport, the county seat, was about all there was of McKean, before oil made the county famous, he continually labored through his paper for the welfare of every hamlet within its bonds. He has been honored with responsible positions and has always discharged every duty with credit to himself and honor to his people. He will be elected.—*Coudersville Courier*

### THE HATCHET BURIED.

A dispatch from Washington of July 19th says that Gen. Mahone and his opponents have buried the hatchet, mutual concessions have been made and all is now serene. The result of mediation of Chairman Quay and his associates is shown in the following, which was issued to night:

"WASHINGTON, July 19.

The Republican National Executive Committee, while declining any jurisdiction in local party action or control in the various States, has felt it to be a duty to consider the causes of dissatisfaction in Virginia.

After conference with the recognized representatives of the different elements of the party in that State, and finding all of them sincerely desirous of party unity and success, we approve of the call for a State convention to be held at Norfolk on the 22d of August, 1889, signed by William Mahone as chairman.

It gives ample assurance of free and open conventions in precinct, county, city and State. We ask all Republicans and all friends of protection to American industries in Virginia to unite under this call for action now and success in November.

(Signed) "M. S. Quay,
"J. S. Clarkson,
"W. W. Dudley,
"Samuel Fessenden,
"Garrett A. Hobart,

I concur heartily in this action of the National Committee.

"James D. Brady,
"Member National Committee for Virginia."

### PREJUDICES TAKE COURAGE.

"I do not hesitate," says State Geologist J. Peter Lesley, "to express my opinion in the strongest terms that the amazing exhibition of oil which has characterized the last 20 years and may probably characterize the next ten years is, nevertheless, not only geologically but historically, a temporary and vanishing phenomenon—one which young men will live to see come to its natural end."

Nobody supposed J. Peter would hesitate to express his opinion, or that it would not be expressed in large, round and Jupiterian words. But if his opinion on the exhaustion of the oil supply is no more trustworthy than his opinions on the extent and location of the field have been, it will not have any serious effect on the market. A man may go about with a mouth full of big words hung on a hair trigger and an opinion of his own wisdom which it may make him bow legged to carry around, and yet know less about the oil business than the first wildcatter who ever started a drill on credit.—*Pittsburgh Times.*

### THE W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

This column is conducted by the Womans' Christian Temperance Union of McKean co.

ROOM 61, BISSELL BLOCK,
PITTSBURGH, June, 1889.

Dear sisters of the W. C. T. U. of Pennsylvania:

Sunday morning, June 9th, the day to which we had looked forward with such anxiety, and for which we had labored and prayed, dawned upon us fair and beautiful. Most auspicious weather, we fondly hoped, for getting out a full vote for prohibition. But alas! the evening hours brought a grievous disappointment. We were defeated by a majority variously estimated from 125,000 to 150,000.

For the moment we are stunned and overwhelmed with the greatness of the defeat, while some are tempted to say the people are "given over to their sins," let them alone. But this will never do for

Right here right where we all are to-day,
And right the day must win
For surely would be a sad thing
To falter would be sin.

We are sure as Chairman Palmer says, it is we are "everlastingly right," and there is truth and right for us to do but to do it. The victory may not for some time to come, but it will surely come sooner than it seems possible to hope for. Our Divine Leader has all power in His own hand and in a ways and means that we have never imagined. Behold, many a wrath of man shall praise Him" and will be His judgments are ways which transcend our comprehension. We are defeated. The temperance people will never stay down under this fearful blow. In our business and our country already the friends of law and government are beginning, them selves.

Doubtless there will be conference and harmony of action later. Let those who are making plans about the location and work of the next convention remember the words of Victor Hugo—"Water has not a battle but an enchanter to the front of the universe. When pollution overflows the world in waves, when four Ohios and seven Mississippis vomit their foul waters into the Atlantic, when the Atlantic itself would make a long face and refuse to receive that mud, when the ocean is only a cesspool, when the human race is only a sewer, there will be found at the bottom of the abyss, under the enormous mass of filth, a pearl, a diamond, a crystal, a star, a drop of water, which will be called purity. That is the genius of Woman." Let us be ready to meet the world, not with a spirit of criticism or condemnation, but with the pearl of purity in our hands, and the star of hope in our hearts.

Yours in the work,
MRS. LAURA A. SMITH, President.
MRS. JOSEPH D. WEEKS, Cor. Sec'y.
MRS. ELLEN M. WATSON, Cor. Sec'y.
MRS. W. F. WOODS, Treasurer.

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MR. CAMERON'S secret of success was that he never acted without knowing all the facts obtainable. Although a desperate and shrewd fighter he seldom wasted his efforts in support of weak men. Here is his own explanation:

"When I found the man who was pretty sure to win with the little support that I could give him he was made the Cameron candidate. I got all the credit for the victory, and the candidate believed that his success was entirely attributed to me."

This was a rule adopted by a strong man, one of the strongest America has looked upon.—*N. Y. World*

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"Hell is as thick as hand-grenades flew had where they fell as certainly they are was and of one of those ignorant doctors in the early times, who might well have been called the code-de-camp of death. The sufferer from scrofula, with sores as bad as Job's, need not now curse the day he was born, for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will restore health and beauty, appetite and strength. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing salt rheum, tetter, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, tumors, ulcers, hip-joint disease, white swellings, goitre, or thick neck, and enlarged glands.

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ATTENTION LUMBERMEN.—Come to the store of M. Rosenfield if you want a nobby suit, and I will guarantee a perfect fit.

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When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

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WANTED RELIABLE AND ENERGETIC MEN AS SALESMEN

Truthful men—No liars wanted. New blood—Gold seals agents that can't maintain a position with a reliable firm. Experience not required. We can make a good salesman of any pushing active man. Salary and expenses or Commission. Stock guaranteed. SPECIALTIES. Outfit free. Permanent place given on the first of September next. Also—the best line of fast selling specialties on the road. Apply at once, as choice of territory is now being rapidly taken. Mention this paper. Address, H. W. FOSTER & CO., GENEVA, NEW YORK.

Good Business Location

FOR RENT—The subscriber offers for rent the store room as per lease under it now occupied by H. C. Young in the Rachis building opposite the Court House. Possession given on the first of September next. Also—the lower front house now occupied by himself and family, adjoining the same on Main street. Possession given on the first of October next.

MRS. J. C. BACKUS.

Smethport, July 24, 1889-tf

Notice of Intention to Apply for a Charter of Incorporation

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT C. E. Hubbard, F. B. Arnold, E. E. Bowley, C. P. Dalrymple, I. Hubbard and others will apply to the Governor of Pennsylvania, at the executive chamber in the city of Harrisburg, on Wednesday August 7th, 1889, for a charter of incorporation, by the name of said corporation shall be "The Hartwell Creek Improvement Company." The character of said corporation is that it is to be a corporation under the act April 29th 1874 and its supplements for the purpose of driving and floating saw logs, lumber and timber, and the object of its incorporation is the clearing, straightening, cribbing and deepening of Hartwell creek in Pleasant Valley and Keating township, McKean county, Pa., and the Allegheny River in said county, Pa., from its confluence with the Allegany river to its source a distance of less than twenty miles, and erecting and maintaining said stream for the floating of logs, timber and lumber thereon by both natural and artificial floods.

LEWIS & DOBSON,
Solicitors for Applicants.

July 17-3t.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS,
SCROFULA,
COUGH or COLD,
THROAT AFFECTION,
WASTING of FLESH,

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you, can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL
With Hypophosphites.
PALATABLE AS MILK

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.


### Ordinance No. 37.

BE IT ORDAINED AND ENACTED BY the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, that from and after the passage of this ordinance it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to throw and catch, or play with a baseball, or football, on Main street in said borough.

And any person or persons violating this ordinance shall forfeit and pay to the use of the borough the sum of one dollar to be collected on conviction of such offence before the Burgess or any Justice of the Peace, as like amounts are collectable in an action of trespass.

Approved July 1, 1889.

ASHLEY GIFFORD, Burgess.

Attest: JNO. FORSMAN, Secretary.


CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

Such Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after Dinners, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Sick Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.


### For Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE a heavy pair of mules at his camp on the [illegible] road, adjoining Emerson Brook farm, [illegible] miles from Smethport.

JOHN FANNIN

July 26, 1889—1t

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF VENDITIONI EXPONAS issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale on the premises on

MONDAY, JULY 29 A. D. 1889 AT 10:00 A. M.

The defendant's interest in all the following described real estate to wit: All that certain piece parcel or tract of land situate in the township of Keating in the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the line between lots Nos. 1 and 2 in said township, thence north 25 degrees west 25 perches to a post, thence north 65 degrees east 100 perches to a post, thence south 25 degrees east 25 perches to a post, thence south 65 degrees west 100 perches to the place of beginning, containing 15 acres and allowance, be the same more or less. Being the same premises conveyed by Thomas Fitzsimmons et ux to Mary Elizabeth Chappell by deed dated January 28, 1884 and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county, October 16, 1884 in Deed Book Vol. 29, page 242, &c.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A. A. Johnson at the suit of A. Terrell in No. 1 of April Term, 1889, for the use of A. Terrell, doing business as Terrell Brothers.

M. Braswell & Lyle, Pltf's Atty.

W. H. LASKEY, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., June 21, 1889.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF LEVARI FACIAS issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale on the premises, on

MONDAY, JULY 29, A. D. 1889 AT 2 P. M.

The defendant's interest in all the undivided one-half interest in a certain piece tract or parcel of land situate in Keating township, McKean county, Pa., and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the south line of lands of the said party of the first part the southeast corner of lot No. 9 of Gorton's survey, thence south one hundred and two (102) rods to a post in the line of the public highway, thence easterly along the north line of said highway one hundred and sixteen (116) rods to a post in the west line of lands of John Emery, thence north thirty-three (33) rods to a post, the southeast corner of lands now or formerly of said Emery, thence east sixty (60) rods, more or less to a post in the west line of lot No. 14, thence north twelve (12) rods to a post, the northwest corner of lot No. 28, thence east fifty-three rods to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and fifty acres and allowance, be the same more or less, and being part of lot No. 28 in warrant No. 1 being the same premises conveyed by deed bearing even date herewith by Thomas Little executor of the last will and testament of Peter Little deceased to Willard M. Newell. Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Willard M. Newell and wife at the suit of Ronald Mc Leod in No. 1, April Term, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 30, page 281 &c. Improved and having thereon 1½ story frame dwelling house, 24 by 28 feet, with L 12 by 14 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame barn, 30 by 40 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame shed, 16 by 20 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame wagon shop, 16 by 20 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame hog pen, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame chicken house, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame corn crib, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame privy, 4 by 6 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame smoke house, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame ice house, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame milk house, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame hen house, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame pig pen, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame sheep pen, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame cow stable, 20 by 30 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame horse stable, 20 by 30 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame carriage house, 20 by 30 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame granary, 20 by 30 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame tool house, 10 by 12 feet, 1 story high, 1 frame bee

# The McKean County Miner

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid. If not correct, please notify us at once, and the address as well as the name must be given. If the old address is not changed, your correspondence will be delayed. Always state when you write whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly you can confer a favor by making a report every week. We want to keep in touch with the mails when not receiving.

Smethport, Pa., July 25, 1889.

R. C. ROBBINS, Local Editor.


## LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

A Close Shave.

A confederate whittled bullets a week or two, which some crow boys of Sandusky city found a shower of bullets for white round his head.

Action—Asked on their efforts with fifty.

Result—Saved from an early dream with a beautiful smile.

Comment—Courage and blow blushed.—Detroit Free Press.

"A miss is as good as a mile," is what saved the bullet out of the world about.—Harper's Bazar.

Pansy days, these.

Cabbage plants is now in order.

Peaches are growing shorter.

Green apple colic will soon be in order.

Base ball fever has ceased for this season.

The thermometer melted some days ago.

Mark your worthless cur, or shoot him.

The small boy now flies his festive kite.

The farmers have about finished haying.

Brother B, what did you think of that sermon?

It is rumored that a "merry-go-round" will soon land in Smethport.

Lecherian exhibitions are of frequent occurrence in Smethport.

Ed. Buell Brothers' store building has been undergoing some repairs.

A bicycle move by cycles, says Kinnear. Boys move bicycles, too.

A very recherche hop occurred at Kittle's opera house on Wednesday evening.

The lawn fete is not a popular means of intercourse in Smethport, strange to say.

Post 187, G. A. R., of this place, is represented by several members in the excursion to Silver Lake.

Geo. Smith, the tonsorial artist has fitted up a handsome shop in the basement of Partridge opera house.

Hon. E. B. Stone of Bradford, was recently re-appointed by Governor Beaver as a trustee of the Warren Insane hospital.

There will be a convention of the county commissioners of Pennsylvania at Allentown on the 24th, 25th and 26th of September.

Rev. J. E. Neff of Kane, will preach in the M. E. church next Sabbath morning and evening and at East Smethport in the afternoon.

Dr. Agnew, a New York physician, says that bicycle riding causes spinal complaint. How conflicting are the views and theories of physicians.

C. H. Steiger, city editor of the Bradford *Era*, left that city last Tuesday to take the management of the city department of the Toledo *Commercial*.

A very pleasurable party was given at the residence of C. K. Sartwell, on Main street, East Tuesday evening, in honor of Miss Rosetta Sartwell, of Olean.

The books of the Smethport Library Association were sold last week, and the proceeds were given toward liquidating the indebtedness on the Soldiers' Monument.

According to a scientific theory, there cannot be another flood in this country parallel to the late one in the Susquehanna Valley, for a period of 631 years.

There will be an excursion to Chautauqua Lake next Sunday. We understand that the fare for the round trip is but $1.50. It is a good chance for the people.

H. W. Foster & Co., a reliable firm of Jersey City, N. Y., want salesmen. Experience not required. Read their advertisement headed, "Wanted, Reliable, Energetic Men."

The donation at the rink on Wednesday evening for the benefit of Rev. T. W. Chandler of the Methodist church, was a successful affair. The net receipts amounted to $111.37.

The Conformer's Exchange of Buffalo has announced its intention of giving a prize of $100 for the best portable saw mill in operation at the Buffalo International Fair in September next.

The free fusilade speak in glowing terms of their reception at Smethport on the fourth. The boys returned in good shape and reports say conducted themselves with credit to Emporium.—*Press.*

The new paper men of Tioga county have started a protective association. The names of delinquent subscribers will be published and the accounts against them will be offered for sale.

S. M. Evans, the efficient assistant in the county commissioners' office, and a young man of Republican abilities, has been recently appointed postmaster of this place. He succeeds brother Wilson of the *Democrat*.

Under the new law a man is justified in shooting a burglar without any ceremony. You are not obliged to warn the intruder but may simply make the moonbeams gleam through him before he gets the drop on you.

The noblest community in the United States appears to be Leavenworth, Kansas. No less than 23,000 cases of sickness requiring the use of liquor as a remedy were registered at the drug stores in that city last year.

We have commenced this week the publication of chapters on the rise and fall of the French Revolution of 100 years ago, by Jaime Henri Brewer. These chapters will be found on our 5th page and will prove to be of intense interest.

We are informed by Conductor Richmond, of the B. R. & K. railroad, that that company will shortly erect a handsome depot to replace the apology for one in the shape of a 2x4 shed that is now standing in that borough. It is indeed gratifying news.

The Emporium *Independent* says: "At one time Instanter was the most populous town in McKean county and one of the earliest settlements." True enough, but the location of the original Instanter was seven miles from the present town, which is in Elk county.

A Harrisburg dispatch says an impression has gone out over the State that no act was passed at the recent session of the Legislature increasing the salaries of election officers, and many inquiries concerning it have been received at the State Department. The act never became a law.

—We are indebted to Mr. C. K. Mason, secretary of the Honesdale Exposition for a complimentary ticket to the big show, which commences on the 26th of August and closes on the 30th. The society expects to outdo all former efforts in making of the exposition a great success.

—The dudes of New York and Philadelphia now wear flannel shirts with a single diamond stud flashing from the most conspicuous position in the shirt front. The diamonds are for the purpose of offsetting the cheap appearance of the flannel, which is worn by reason of their aesthetic tastes.

—Our sincere thanks go out to "Corporal" W. H. Rauch for the buckskin postal card inviting us to the third annual reunion of the Bucktail regiment. The men are scarce who can get up a more inviting invitation—one calculated to draw the gang. They will be there and are already insured a good time.

—A very interesting communication from the pen of Rev. J. H. McCandless, Rector of St. Luke's Church, will be read in another column, with much enjoyment by his many friends. It was written on the 1st inst, while he and his friends were still aboard of the steam ship "City of New York," enroute for Queenstown.

—Dr. Samuel J. M. Eaton who died so suddenly last week in Franklin, of heart failure, was a Presbyterian clergyman of considerable note, and an author of more than ordinary ability. His wife was an adopted daughter of the late Hon. John W. Howe but her real parents were the late James Taylor and wife of this place. They had no children and his wife survives him.

—Bad odors emanate from cess-pools, etc., in certain quarters of this borough. How people can live in such heat bliss, in the midst of such stenches without making some effort to remedy the evil, is beyond the power of the writer's imagination. It would be well to avoid the epidemics which have visited neighboring towns, by a timely movement on the part of many, in the right direction.

—Comrade Wm. Wilkins of Westmore township, writes us that "chimes are just lively around here; I have all the team work I can do. There will soon be six stringes of tools running back of my property. The Bolphs have got a good well a half mile south-east of my line. It filled up 300 feet in 18 hours and will be shot this week. They make no fuss about their wells and keep no men on guard with Winchesters to prevent people from inspecting them."

—Kane, on the summit of the Allegheny mountains, is steadily growing and becoming a place of more importance from day to day. And the best evidence of its prosperity is shown by the fact that the salary of the postmaster has been increased from $1,100 to 1,200 per annum. Twenty-five years ago it scarcely needed a postoffice, and few believed that it would ever amount to anything. But oil and gas gave it a big and sudden boost.—Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin.*

—People who have suddenly acquired social position are often more supercilious in their bearings to those who have been less fortunate than are those who can boast as long a descent as this country can record. So we find folks whose grandmothers perhaps sold spruce beer in a cellar, or whose grandfathers dealt out liquor at three cents a glass at some corner groggery assuming arrogant airs when they happen to be thrown into the company of those who are intellectually and morally their superiors.

—The bill levying a general tax on dogs in this state having been duly signed by Governor Beaver, all dogs will now have to be returned by the assessor along with personal property of the owners to be taxed. The rate of tax is fifty cents and one dollar, according to the sex of the dog. The fund a rising from the taxation is to go in the first instance to paying for all sheep that have been destroyed by dogs in the district; and where no casualties of the kind have occurred then the tax is to go to the school fund.

—We are informed by Burgess Gifford that the borough council have decided to locate the proposed new public building on the lot opposite the Baptist church, corner Water and Fulton streets. Although this will not be a very conspicuous position for a brown stone front, it will still be a very satisfactory and advantageous point in many ways. The lower portion of the building will be made the headquarters of the Smethport fire department, and we are assured that the hall will be fitted up in elegant shape. This enterprise should receive encouragement from the citizens of the town.

—Smethport was well represented at the big Kinzua viaduct last Sunday. Nine seat ice cream and lemonade venders, some sharp gentlemen with materials for trapping suckers and a number of pleasure seekers. Photographer Hoffman was even there with his camera, as was also Peanut John and his delicious barrel of ice water with a lemon squeezed in it. Oh, how the Buffalo excursionists swooped down on that ice water! A young gentleman from this place was fully convinced much to his disgust that a trestle some fifty feet high, situated about two miles south of Alton, was the great viaduct. He afterward found that he had been the victim of a put up job. Such is life, Frank.

—Secretary Blaine is responsible for the following story: In conversation with some gentlemen reference was made to the religious Irishman's persistent thought about the hereafter. "Yes," said Mr. Blaine, "and there's good reason for it. The Irish people have such infernal torments from the power which has so long controlled the destinies of the green isle that they can not be blamed for wanting to avoid any in the next world. If they could believe there was no hell they'd rather die than to live. Once at Dublin, toward the end of the opera, Satan was descending Faust through the trap-door which represented the gates of hades. His majesty got through all right—he was used to going below—but Faust, who was quite stout, got only about half way in, and no squeezing could get him any further. Suddenly an Irishman in the gallery exclaimed devoutly: 'Thank God, hell is full!'"—Washington *Press.*

### Accomplished Girls of Smethport.

Few towns can boast of young ladies as highly accomplished in all ways and especially in the equestrian art, as Smethport. Their fearless management of untrained steeds, in cases of extremity, would put to shame many faint-hearted dolts of the opposite sex, who would faint from sheer fright if placed in the same perilous situations. It hardly seems possible that these same beings who would climb a greased telegraph pole to escape a diminutive mouse, will with the fearlessness and grace of a Minerva or a Joan of Arc, whip a wild, vicious horse into submission and then gallop away like the wind. Such is indeed the case, for we have witnessed it, and we have no doubt that they would plunge with a light brigade "into the jaws of death" with as little hesitation.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by having a notice at this office.

Geo. R. Wolcott, of Olean, was in town last Monday.

W. E. Backer, of Buffalo, was circulating around town, on Monday.

Miss Kate Calkins of this place, is visiting Miss Lillie Wright, of Coleville.

Miss Flora Odell of Water street, returned from a visit to Olean friends, last Sunday.

Morris W. Croll, of Gettysburg, was at the Wright House, during the early part of the week.

E. K. Clark, Esq., of Binghampton, N. Y., was calling on old Smethport friends on Saturday last.

Lawyers S. W. Smith and O. L. Sayder of Port Allegany-Buffalo, were in town on Tuesday.

Comrade Bert Bartle and A. A. Bridge, Esq., of Port Allegany, called on us Wednesday of this week.

Rev. T. W. Chandler was called to Clermont on Tuesday to attend the funeral of a child of Mr. Silfies.

County Treasurer Shoemaker and daughter Maud and Miss Lulu Keenan, visited Bradford last Tuesday.

J. C. Backus of this place, took advantage of the excursion last Sunday to the Falls and visited Buffalo friends.

Wm. F. and W. E. Wheeler and wives of Portville, accompanied by their children, were guests at the Central last week.

Mrs. L. C. Rose of Coudersport, is visiting at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Colegrove, on King street.

Miss Naomi Colegrove, of Morenci, Mich., formerly of Norwich township, this county is visiting friends in this vicinity.

J. B. Sprague has been in town for the past week visiting his family. He comes home from the west occasionally for a short vacation from active business.

L. J. Backer of Boston, was looking after his interests in this section the early part of the week. Mr. Backer enjoys rusticating in McKean at this season.

Gen. L. Roberts, Esq., was pleading for the rights of A. J. Edgett and Mullin & McClure for C. L. Douglass in the Dam suit, before Judge Morrison, on Tuesday last.

E. A. Boyne, Esq., has resigned as Treasurer of the Bradford school district. He couldn't discover where the fun came in of "working for nothing and boarding himself."

William Caskey, one of the very pleasant gentleman of Keating township, McKean county, was here last week, and made us an agreeable social call.—*Eulpehocken Independent.*

C. A. Burdick, Esq., and wife returned from a few weeks visit to Harrisburg, on Friday last. Chet says he is glad to get back to a country where it is not necessary to use a fan all night to keep one from burning up.

Miss Ada M. Shaw, of Waterford, Pa., was a guest at the Wright House last Monday. We understand that Miss Shaw has resigned her position in the Smethport schools and will accept a position in the Olean public schools.

### Obituary.

Died at her residence, in this borough, on Monday morning, July 22d, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Sarah M. Burbank, wife of A. D. Burbank, Esq., in the 60th year of her age.

Mrs. Burbank was born in Norwich township on the 13th day of December, 1829. She was a daughter of Timothy Aldrich, one of the early settlers of that township. On the 23d day of November, 1851, she married Alonzo D. Burbank, and soon after they moved on to the farm on the east side of Potato creek, in Keating township, where they continued to reside until about nine years ago, when they moved to Smethport. They were the parents of three children, two girls and a boy, all of whom died in early life. For 34 years Mrs. Burbank has been a consistent member of the Baptist Church of this place, and the large concourse in attendance at her funeral attest the esteem in which she was held by all her acquaintances. The funeral services were held at the residence on Main street, opposite Kittredge Opera House, on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and were conducted by Rev. Wm. Storrs, who is temporarily filling the pulpit of the Baptist Church. The remains were taken to Colegrove cemetery for interment, and were accompanied by a large number of sympathizing relatives and friends of the deceased.

### Baby Carriages Free on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company has issued instructions to all baggage agents and baggage masters on the system east of Pittsburgh and Erie to receive and carry free of cost to passenger cars baby carriages when accompanied by their owners.

This is a concession in favor of the children which their parents will heartily appreciate; and it is but another manifestation of the constant endeavor of the company to make the road attractive to everybody.

### Accident.

Lawyer E. R. Mayo, of this place, met with a severe accident on Monday. While engaged in some outdoor work around his residence, on Main street, he slipped and fell his wrist coming in contact with a sharp axe. The cut severed an artery and it was with difficulty that he reached the residence of Dr. H. L. McCoy. The doctor fortunately was at home, and after a troublesome operation, he stopped the profuse flow of blood, and dressed the wound. Mr. Mayo is now circulating around with his arm in a sling.

### The Ladies are Thankful.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to all the friends who so liberally assisted us in making our ice cream social for the benefit of Rev. Chandler at the rink on Wednesday evening such a complete financial success—$111.37 being netted. Especial thanks are due Mrs. Taylor for the use of the hall; Smethport Band for the delightful music rendered during the evening and the Gas Company for the free use of fuel, etc.

L. A. S. H. E. CHURCH.

### Open-Air Concert.

The Smethport Band will give a concert this evening on the court house lawn, commencing at 8½ o'clock and lasting about forty-five minutes. The following excellent programme will be carried out:

1. March.....La Chevalier.....J. Gorton
2. Overture.....The Night Watcher.....V. Meehan
3. Waltz.....Vanished Paradise.....Eilenberg
4. Selection.....Kindred Souls.....Eilenberg
5. Polka.....Jolly Blacksmiths.....Smith

### St. Luke's Church.

Services on Sunday next—Morning Prayer and Litany, 10:30 a. m. Evening Prayer and anthem, 8 p. m.

All Saint's Chapel, East Smethport, service at 2:30 p. m.

Hats, caps, boots and shoes at M. Rosenfeld's.

### The Buffalo Races.

The grand circuit runs meetings at Buffalo August 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, will no doubt be the most important trotting meeting of the year. Many of the speediest horses in the country are entered and a great additional interest is lent to the meeting through the fact that the long talked of match between the pride of the Almonts and the king of the Wilkes families will take place. This race between "Belle Hamlin" and "Harry Wilkes" is attracting attention from one end of the country to the other. After a good deal of good natural, but not the less diplomatic correspondence between Mr. C. J. Hamlin of Buffalo, and Messrs. Sire Bros., of New York, the details of the races were satisfactorily arranged. The stakes are $2,500 a side and the Buffalo Association adds a purse of $5,000, sixty per cent. of which goes to the winner and forty to the loser. "Belle Hamlin" is said to be in better trim than ever before and the reports are that "Harry Wilkes" is fit to lower his own record. It will be a race for blood; no nonsense of any kind about it, the high standing of the owners of these two famous horses being a guarantee that the race will in all respects be open and above board.

If money talks, and it is generally supposed to do so, the meeting at Buffalo will be necessarily greater and more important than the meeting at any other point in the circuit, for the sum of the purses offered at Buffalo is larger than the amount offered at any of the other tracks. The following are the amounts "hung up" at each track at the grand circuit for the present year: Buffalo $30,000, Rochester $24,000, Hartford $23,000, New York $28,000, Springfield $27,000, Cleveland $24,000, Poughkeepsie $23,500 and Albany and Philadelphia $20,000 each.

Gold and silver watches and all kinds of jewelry at M. Rosenfeld's.

DON'T fail to look at the Forest City lawn mower before you purchase. They can't be beat. Sprague has them to sell.

### When Women Should Marry.

Probably the best time for the average civilized woman to marry would be any age between 24 and 36. It is not said that no woman should marry earlier or later than either of these ages; but youth and health and vigor are ordinarily at their highest perfection between these two periods. Very early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many reasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble and the character is unformed. The considerations which prompt a girl to marry at 17 would in many cases have very little weight with her at 24. At 17 she is a child, at 24 a woman. Where a girl has intelligent parents the seven years between 17 and 24 are the period when mind and body are most amenable to wise discipline, and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development. Before 17 few girls have learned to understand what life is, what discipline is, what duty is. They cannot value what is best, either in the father's wisdom or in the mother's tenderness. When married at that childish period they are like young recruits taken fresh from the farm and the workshop, and hurried off to a long campaign without any period of preliminary drill and training, or like a schoolboy removed from school to a curacy without being sent to the university or to a theological hall. Who can help grieving over a child-wife, especially if she have children, and a husband who is an inexperienced and possibly exacting boy-man? The arbor of his love soon cools; the visionary bliss of her poetical imagination vanishes like the summer mist; there is nothing left but disappointment, sometimes worse than disappointment, to be so beautiful and long a day should have clouded over almost before sunrise. —*Hospital.*

You can save 25 per cent. by buying your clothing at M. Rosenfeld's next to the postoffice, Smethport.

### KANE TALK.

The silly season has just begun in Kane.

Eli Kemilg of Erie, was in Kane last Saturday.

The Anchor Oil Co. has struck a fair well on warrant 2620.

Joshua Davis says the bicycle beats walking all to pieces. How sanguine these young fellows are.

The merry-go-round around has left Kane and the young ladies and a few elderly ones, are disconsolate.

A young man, who by the way, was a notorious junk thief, lit out last week. He was a little too subsequent. He had a forced interview with Justice Gillis and Henry skipped.

"Father, is that John L. Sullivan on the corner?" remarked an eight-year-old boy who saw F. W. Meese on his way to church last Sunday.

It is rumored that a young society man of Kane, will shortly wed an accomplished lady. It may be Katie and Milton.

Frank Marith, a driller on the J. H. Markham lease, had his elbow badly smashed on Monday by a bolt that projected from the balance wheel.

The J. T. and W. Griffith well on the Maher lot in the borough, is nearing the sand and shows for a good producer.

The Standard Oil Co. has a rig up on the Minehan lot in Kane borough. The great monopoly always strikes where there is a sure thing.

Senator Coulson is having the Kane House painted. Mr. Kidder of Warren, has the contract.

Miss Ethel, daughter of Mrs. M. Crossmire, is spending her vacation with her many friends in Kane.

A couple of the young sports of Kane came to grief last week. Only running horses on Fraley street. Lou says he knows of an ordinance now and will put a curb bit on the mustang.

Oh, where and who is the Democratic candidate for treasurer? A great field for guessing.

R. F. McConnell & Co. have sold their large stock of groceries to Ben Keelor & Co. Frank says his next enterprise will be for life at least and no selling out at cost.

Wm. Lowry has taken his old position at Marionville and Fred Gerber has taken his place as engineer on the fast mail between Kane and Pittsburgh.

The new time card on the P. & W. does not give general satisfaction—at least the expressions of the traveling public are not strictly pious.

S. E. Tilman is anxious to hear the court's decision on his wholesale license. A few of the retailers are suffering from the same disease and likely the result will be as fatal to the first as the latter.

Kane is to have another large lamp black works. Why not another planing mill? We are informed that Peterson's mill is running day and night and still unable to fill orders. Not to be wondered at when the building boom in Kane is considered.

Not a few men make a mistake by taking a nap. However, Frank McConnell will not on the 20th inst., as the writer has known Joe ever since it was little Joey. Now good advice is a fine thing for young married people; therefore we wish to say that if they wish to be intelligently happy, they should subscribe for the Smethport MINER.

HONEST RUBE.

### Harvest Excursions.

Will be run to points in Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska and the two Dakotas—North and South, on August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company, at half rate. For particulars and full information write to or call on John R. Pott, Traveling Passenger Agent, Williamsport, Pa., or to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

### Interesting Letter from Rev. McCandless.

STEAMSHIP CITY OF NEW YORK, July 1, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE IRON CROSS AND K. S. M.:—Many miles reach out over the sea between us; but before coming to Queenstown I wish to have a letter ready to send back to show that none of you are forgotten, and to give you some account of a travelers' sea voyage in which you may have some interest. This great vessel left New York at 4 p. m. on June 26, and shortly after the "City of Rome," a slower ship passed us. We found out that our "greyhound" was not going to make much of a run, and the reason is that the regular crew struck, for some reason, on the last voyage, and the company employed green firemen, most of them only boys sixteen years old, who are unable to keep up enough steam to run the engines rapidly.

On the first day out the run was 240 miles, second day 360 miles, third day 360, fourth 378, fifth 406, sixth 390, seventh and eighth (part of) 501—at Queenstown. We are doing better as some of the engineers have turned in as firemen. The steamer is able to make over 500 miles a day. The engines never stop—except in case of accident—between New York and Queenstown, a distance of 3,795 miles, and there is probably an average of seventy to eighty revolutions per minute.

From Wednesday till Monday the weather was very warm—no wraps were needed on deck—and the sea was smooth as a river, not a "whitecap" to be seen. To day, Monday, the weather has changed. Now it is raining and the air is cold, and the waves are beginning to to run high. So far I have not felt the least sensation of sea sickness, and most of our party are very good sailors. I would not like to say how often I eat as you might think that I was "yarning." We have over 1600 passengers on board—almost the population of Smethport. Six hundred are first cabin passengers, and the rest second cabin and steerage. It requires a large supply of food for that number of people, especially when some eat —— times a day. To give you some ide of the stores, I append the following list of provisions:

FISH, ETC.

1,125 lbs. fresh salmon, cod, turbot, &c. | 2,000 lobsters. 750 boxes herrings. 420 haddies.

FRESH AND SMOKED MEAT.

13,027 lbs. fresh beef. 4,112 " lamb. 600 " veal. 700 " sausages. 5,000 " ham (some kidneys). 3,052 lbs. ribs and sirloin. 624 " pork. 1,024 " corned beef. 622 " tripe. 3,640 " bacon. 576 loaves, sweetbreads, &c.

POWL AND GAME.

56 turkeys, 600 chickens, 300 ducklings, 168 goslings, 144 squabs, 72 capons, 200 pigeons.

FRUIT, NUTS, ETC.

24 barrels apples, 15 barrels foreign grapes, 22 baskets green grapes, 144 bottles jams, 18 boxes oranges, 22 boxes lemons, 10 boxes pears, 22 baskets plums, 364 pounds nuts and raisins, bananas, prunes, etc.

Also a large quantity of miscellaneous, including oatmeal, sugar, milk, tea coffee, flour, potatoes, etc.

Of course such a quantity of provisions will hardly be used on the present voyage, but allowance is made for any emergency.

The library where I am writing is a favorite and frequented room, with its luxurious sofas and chairs, and all the requisites for letter writing. Here are to be found nearly a thousand volumes of the choicest authors, the books being handsomely bound in morocco and calf. Ornamental windows surround the library, and a large octagonal stained-glass skylight is overhead. Across the corridor from the library is the commodious drawing-room, richly furnished and provided with a Mason & Hamlin piano—a very fine instrument. A balcony overlooks the saloon, with its cozy alcoves and seats for nearly three hundred passengers. In this main saloon, where meals are served, rises overhead a dome composed of 104 ornamented stained-glass windows, each 22x24, forming an arch set in a frame work of steel, protected from heavy seas by a roof of iron and panes of very thick glass. In the chamber and cupola, i. e. between the double roof of glass, are placed 72 electric lights, shedding a peculiar lustre through the stained-glass windows. Forward of the saloon is a gallery where is placed the organ which is used at the Sunday services and on other occasions. The smoking room is furnished in black walnut and white woods, with leather-cushioned seats, for one hundred passengers, and comp chairs for fifty more, with twenty-four marble top tables for games, and doubtless for gambling, although strictly forbids the latter. The rule is not enforced. There are seven suites of well furnished rooms, folding doors separating the sitting-room from the bedroom and the bath-room adjoining. These suites are fitted up with sofas and easy chairs, mirrors, portieres and pictures, and have a very home-like look. The outside state rooms on the upper deck are large, airy and comfortable. We have two of the best rooms on this deck—having plenty of air and light—and are extremely well provided for.

Captain Land commands the vessel. I got off a rather poor joke on Orlo and Paul the other morning by telling them I had seen land early that day, and then changing their astonishment to chagrin. The captain has associated with him six officers, a purser and doctor completing the official list. Besides these a large crew is employed to look after the ship and its lacing freight. There are 142 stewards, 36 sailors, 25 engineers, 57 firemen, 36 oilers, 63 trimmers, three carpenters, two boatswains, one painter and eight others, a total of 383. The ship is divided into fifteen separate water-tight compartments. A double bottom affords additional security, being utilized for water as ballast counteracting the effect of rolling in a heavy sea. The ship is of 10,500 tonnage and engines of 20,000 horse power. The length is 560 feet, her beam is 63 feet and height 44 feet. There are five decks, and room for two thousand people.

In order to avoid the chance of meeting icebergs the captain took the ship much farther south than the usual course, and consequently we had very warm weather for several days. Monday it began to rain, and to day, Tuesday, July 2, it is still raining and a heavy sea is on, but the boys stand it well. Mrs. Henry Hamlin is also well. The other ladies are slightly sea sick. I have not had the least "turn." On Sunday morning we had service, a large congregation assembling in the main saloon at 10:30 o'clock. Prayer books and hymnals were distributed. The captain read the service, as he is obliged to do by law, and a short sermon of fifteen minutes—a very fine one—was preached by the Rev. Mr. Reed, of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J. In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Green, of Buffalo, a Presbyterian minister, preached.

Perhaps I am spinning my yarn too long. At any rate a number of people are anxiously waiting to get a seat at the writing tables. We will reach Queenstown about Thursday morning, and so will spend the Fourth on board.

Mrs. Hamlin wishes to be kindly remembered to you all. I scarcely know where to look for the rest, but suppose they are below, as the vessel is now rolling considerably, and I have to write rapidly to form the words without too much break. One man pitched out of his seat at this table a moment ago, and brought up against a lady in her seat on the vessel's side—near by.

I shall try and write you again when I get among the "offsets" on the eastern shores. I am tired of the voyage and could not enjoy "a life on the ocean wave," lasting over a week at most. We shall all be glad to set our feet on land again, or as Mrs. Partington says, to step once more on "terra cotta."

I hope that we may have some interesting meetings of the I. C. and the K. S. M. this fall and winter. With love to all, your friend J. H. MCCANDLESS.

### Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to day for a free sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large size package 50 cents.

### Vintage of Grapes for Invalids.

The port Grape wine of New Jersey is the best medical wine in the market, and it is said that the vintage of Alfred Speer far exceeds any other produced. It is heavy in body, rich in flavor, and well adapted for sickly persons and for general family use. It makes new blood and gives color to the pale and sickly. Leading physicians prescribe this wine in their practice, and use it at their own homes. Druggists sell it.

### FORT ALLEGANY.

Mrs. S. A. Palmer returned from a week's visit with friends in Gowanda, N. Y., on Saturday evening last.

F. H. Arnold and F. E. Rowley went to Medina, N. Y., on business last Monday.

Misses Bell Bartle and Vic Thompson of Coudersport, spent the Sabbath with Port Allegany friends.

Warren Young, who has been sick with typhoid fever, is slowly recovering.

Roscoe Rice is having a run of typhoid fever.

Mark Manning is very low at this writing.

F. A. Thomas of Smethport, was in town Monday.

A. N. Lillibridge, S. W. Smith and O. L. Sayder were at the county seat on Tuesday.

B. G. Bartle was over to the county seat on Wednesday.

The Root & Keating tannery are receiving from sixty to seventy-five wagon loads of bark per day. Mr. Jacob Sharp has arranged a derrick which greatly facilitates the piling and saves the services of quite a number of men.

The American Extract company has purchased a strip of land lying along the W. N. Y. & P. railroad on which they are building an extension to their side track, and will hereafter have an abundance for piling purposes.

John Rice is at Eldred in charge of the new school building. B. U. Taylor of Olean, has the contract.

Lillibridge & Co. are still doing business, notwithstanding the fact that the sheriff was "on to them" last week.

Theo Harrigan, an old resident of this place, is calling on his friends in town. Mr. Harrigan was proprietor of the old "Gem Saloon" on Mill street some twelve years ago.

George Nolan, who lives across the river, is very low with typhoid fever, but little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

On Thursday forenoon last a serious breakdown occurred at the mill of Arnold & Dolley. A cylinder ring was was broken and was sent to Buffalo for repairs. It was returned Saturday in good good shape and the mill resumed operations Monday morning.

C. R. Bard returned to his home on Saturday last. He reports Mrs. Bard as showing slight signs of improvement.

R. C. Bard is at Parker Mineral Springs this week.

D. W. Butterworth and F. S. Thomas of the Potter *Enterprise*, were in town Monday.

C. H. Bergman returned from a visit with Buffalo and Olean friends on Monday last.

Andy Connelly has the foundation for his building on Pearl street nearly completed, and it is expected the frame will go up this week.

The K. O. T. M. social and dance of the 18th inst was a success in every particular and reflects credit upon the managers. Besides paying for the new organ and other expenses, they had about three dollars to put in the treasury.

J. G. Hall has purchased the engine and boiler in the old Ford tannery, and will move it at once to the site of his new factory near the depot.

C. E. Grover's planing mill is running full blast trying to keep up with his fast increasing business.

S. M. Rifle is scaling logs and performing other outside work for Lillibridge & Co.

Quite a force of men are employed in building a new wire fence between here and Turtle Point, on the line of the W. N. Y. & P. railroad.

Gerard Button has purchased from John Ostrander a house and four acres of land situated in the Grimes district, for which he paid $287.50. A good investment of his pension money.

VONDERSPECK.


# WANTED!

## $7,000.00

— ON —

## Eldred Borough School Bonds.

To Run from 1 to 20 years.

The Borough has no indebtedness.

Address all correspondence to

F. F. BROWN, Secy.,
7-4-2w ELDRED, PA.

WANTED—Good wages will be paid to a competent Swede girl to do general housework at No. 10 Laurens street, Olean, N. Y.—Address Mrs. R. M. Whitney. no26tf

SMETHPORT BAND—Now open for engagement. Military music satisfactorily furnished for public amusements. Prices reasonable. Address J. W. BAKER, Manager, 20tf. Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. Enquire at the residence of P. M. Fuller, Green street, Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—A coat maker at the merchant tailoring establishment of H. W. RUBIN, Smethport, Pa. 15-tf.

WANTED—A first-class pant maker at once at H. W. RUBIN'S, Smethport. 15-tf.

WANTED—A jobber to stock a mill. Will pay a good price. Ready to commence at once. Enquire of J. B. WRIGHT, 18-tf. Farmers Valley, Pa.

**For Rent.**

ONE neat house; supplied with natural gas and city water. Situated on lower Main street, Smethport, Pa. Inquire at store of D. C. YOUNG. 19-tf.

**A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.** Salary and Expenses paid, or Commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age, The C. L. Van Duzee Nursery Co., Geneva, N. Y.

## Smethport Planing Mill.

Water Street, Foot of Franklin.

J. BAKER & SONS,

Manufacturers of

## WINDOW & DOOR FRAMES

SIDING, CEILING,

Wainscotting, Flooring, Etc., Etc.

**CUSTOM WORK**

Done in a first-class manner and on short notice.

*BUILDERS' MATERIALS.*

Builders will do well to call on us for their lumber, as we can furnish all kinds in short order at reasonable prices.

**Contractors and Builders.**

To this branch of our business we will devote special attention. None but skilled workmen are employed, and we guarantee satisfaction.

## BROWNELL BROS

— IS —

# HEADQUARTERS!

— FOR —

**DRY GOODS,**

**NOTIONS,**

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

HATS AND CAPS.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

A FULL LINE OF

**GROCERIES, PROVISIONS**

ETC., ETC.

*OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."*

**Smethport, - Pa.**

January 1, 1889.

Wonderful the quantity, and fine,
Of our new and beautiful dry goods line;
Lowest prices beneath the sky,
Latest styles in large supply.
Goods as fine as ever made,
Manufactured for fancy trade;
If you need a dress, or suit
Tis the spot beyond dispute,
Ladies wraps of every kind,
Suited to perplex the mind;
And for gentlemen, hats, shoes or clothes,
Are you going to buy without seeing those?
They are from abroad and tailor made,
Will leave all others far in the shade.
For prices and quality 'tis wonderful too,
But still we think it's the thing to do:
Although we live here in the woods,
We have a wonderful line of goods,
And what is sure, still seldom told,
We've never yet been undersold,
And now that spring is at the door
We invite you all to Stickney's store.

# ∴ YOUR :- FEET ∴

NEED SOME ATTENTION.

NEW GOODS, NEW STYLES, IN

# Fine Foot Wear!

FRENCH CALF, KANGAROO,
PATENT LEATHER,
Lace or Congress, Hand or Machine Sewed,

## FOR GENTLEMEN,

— ALSO —

## POPULAR SHADES in OOZE CALF and GOAT.

## IN LADIES' WEAR,

GLAZE DONGOLA, FRENCH KID, CURACOA KID, HAND WELT, and HAND TURN.

TAN GOAT, OOZE CALF, OXFORD TIES in

## Ladies', Misses', and Childrens'.

CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

One Price. | GROVES, | 28 Main St.

BRADFORD PA.

# A. T. PALMER,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.

DEALER IN HORSES, Wagons, Carriages, Carts, Harness, Etc.

WATER STREET BARN.

— ALSO —

FEED AND BOARDING STABLE,

BENNETT HOUSE BARN.

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE, SMETHPORT, PA.

Cheltenham Military Academy
Near Philadelphia.
School Opens Sept. 19th.
Yearly Expense, $340.
Quarterly Payments, $125.

Girls' Normal School
Media

# Spring Disorders

Shattered nerves, tired brain, impure blood, debilitated system, all are the natural sequents in the Spring. A medicine must be used, and nothing equals Paine's Celery Compound. We list others praises us—you cannot help believing a disinterested party.

"I have used two bottles of your Paine's Celery Compound, and it has given entire satisfaction in an appetizer and blood purifier." C. L. Simmons, Watertown, Dakota.

## Paine's Celery Compound

Is prescribed by physicians, recommended by druggists, endorsed by ministers, praised by clergymen, endorsed by the manufacturers, used, and guaranteed, by the manufacturers as a spring medicine which will do all that is claimed for it. Use it this spring, and see how quickly it makes you up.

## Purifies the Blood.

Full accounts of wonderful cures made by Paine's Celery Compound after other medicines and the best physicians had failed, sent free. There's nothing like it.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Brigadier-General W. A. Greenleaf, Bradley, Ill., writes: "I have used Paine's Celery Compound on several occasions, and always with beneficial result. Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I commenced taking it. I was hobbled inside of two weeks. As a genuine tonic and spring medicine I do not know of its equal."

Other Anything may Chair. Simple, Durable, Economical. IT IS EASY TO DYE WITH DIAMOND DYES 10 cents each.

# LEONARD & BLAIR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

## CROCKERY, GLASS and STONEWARE HOUSE.

The finest, cheapest and best line of Chinaware, Glassware, Table Furnishing, Table Cutlery, Silverware and Bric-a-Brac in the city. Stock large, new, well-selected and cheap.

## -:- GAS FITTINGS AND FIXTURES -:-

of all kinds a specialty. Of these we have as fine a variety as can be found in any city stock.

## MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

No. 66 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

# ATTENTION!

I wish to say a few words to my friends and customers. After many years of pleasant dealings with the people of Smethport and vicinity, I deem it my duty to inform them that I am at all times prepared to

## MEET -:- COMPETITION

in a business way and on

## BUSINESS : PRINCIPLES!

I have in many ways improved my business and am constantly

## -:- ADDING TO MY STOCK -:-

so as to make it the leading and reliable Clothing and

## Merchant Tailoring Establishment

—OF McKEAN COUNTY.—

I can be found in my store and at all times pleased to see my old and new customers, where they may rely on

## FAIR AND HONEST DEALING.

All I want is a call, and I will convince you it is to your interest to deal with

## RELIABLE : MERCHANTS

and not with temporary dealers, or dealers who start in business for a few days, trying to make the public believe they are here to stay, and can save your money by buying of them. It is not so, for I can assure each and every one of my customers, and I can prove to them that I have the

## LARGEST STOCK

and the FINEST GOODS and the

## LOWEST PRICES

in town. All I want is a call and I will convince you

## WHAT I SAY IS TRUE

and not simply a trap to get you to buy. Soliciting a call, I am yours truly,

# H. W. RUBIN,

The Reliable Clothier and Merchant Tailor, - Smethport, Pa.

# INSURANCE.

## SMETHPORT HOME AGENCY,

## HASKILL & BURDICK.

We represent the following

Old and Reliable Companies:

| | |
|---|---|
| Insurance Co. of North America, Philadelphia the oldest Insurance Co. in the world. Assets | $8,436,591 |
| Pennsylvania Fire, | 2,800,867 |
| Franklin | 3,181,248 |
| Royal, Liverpool | 4,845,195 |
| Fire Insurance Association of London (U. S. Branch) | 893,445 |
| Sun, Fire, London | 1,848,610 |
| Hanover, New York | 2,479,654 |

No not obtain Insurance in another State as long as you can get insured at home in as reliable companies as the above.

HASKILL & BURDICK,

Bank Building, Main Street, - Smethport, Pa.


# THE BROODING TEMPEST.

## Rise of the French Revolution One Hundred Years Ago.

### SKETCH OF THE EVENTS OF 1789.

Causes, Direct and Indirect, That Led to the Great Gallic Upheaval—The Encyclopedists and Their Influence—The Fatal Indecision of Louis XVI.

By JULIUS HENRI BROWNE.

[Copyright, 1888, by American Press Association.]

I.

The overthrow of the government of the United States and the constitution of the first French Revolution occurred in the same year, 1789, which gives to Americans an additional interest in one of the most memorable epochs in modern times. American emancipation from Great Britain began, it may be said, with the Declaration of Independence, which was signed in 1776. The French Revolution really entertained it by two years, for its earliest manifestings were heard when Louis XVI, grandson of the infamous Louis XV ascended the throne. A great intellectual upheaval marked the reign of the latter monarch, when the carelessness of the court and the clergy degenerated the spirit of wholesome skepticism, represented by Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Condillac, Helvetius and other able and brilliant authors. They paved the way for the political upheaval that followed, as the crimes of the two Louis against humanity brought on the era of bloodshed and terror at a later day and made another Louis the innocent victim of their monstrous wrongs to the people. Those writers often spoken of as the Encyclopedists, have been accused by the church of directly causing the horrors of the revolution; but they were really effects of the revolution, and not causes. [illegible] warm and constant love of his fellows, even while his conduct seemed to contradict it. His temperament and principles were so entirely democratic that he is reputed to have been the father of modern democracy. His sincerity is known by the fact that he neglected all opportunities for his own advancement, continuing, to the end of his morbidly sensitive, unhappy life, exceedingly poor. In his "Contrat Social" he promulgated the principles of universal suffrage, thus anticipating by more than a hundred years our Declaration of Independence. He has been credited with setting the fashion of humanitarianism that will last as long as the world lasts. He would see in our republic, were he conscious, the practical adoption of many of his theories, held, in his day, to be little else than dreams. It is difficult to overestimate the immense influence he has exercised.

VOLTAIRE.

Diderot, who performed the bulk of the work on the famous Encyclopedia, was a man of rare mind and vast erudition. Notwithstanding that he was called an atheist he had a large heart and a liberal hand, being ever ready to help the poor or succor the distressed. He was a complete philosopher in most things, and the wonderful work he edited, though superseded by the increase of knowledge and the growth of science, would have been finished but for, his indomitable energy and determination.

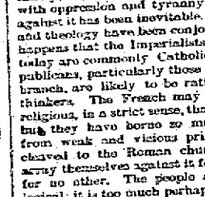
D'Alembert, apart from being a great mathematician and an able writer, was noted for his independence of mind and benevolence of character. His "Preliminary Discourse to the Encyclopedia" is one of the strongest and most remarkable compositions of the Eighteenth century. His treatise on dynamics, done when he was five-and-twenty, created a new branch of science. When his mother, a celebrated wit and beauty, who abandoned him at his birth, was prompted to acknowledge him on account of his rising renown, he indignantly repudiated her. He said that the poor pleader's wife who had found in case of him when picked upon a found ling by the police, was the only parent he had known. He lived with her, ever becoming and helping her, for forty years.

Condillac, Comforcet, Helvetius, Mably, Cardillac, Comforcet, Helvetius, Mably, Buffon, Marmontel, La Harpe, Raynal, Marmontel, Turgot, Saint Lambert, Duclos, and nearly all the writers designated as the Encyclopedists were friends of human progress and enemies of wrong of whatever degree. They so enlightened the public mind that it was enabled to see the foul injustice and injury heaped upon the country in the name of ecclesiastic and royal authority. They instructed the people in their rights, and stimulated them to resist oppression. They were not answerable for the Reign of Terror, for they taught humanity; the tyrants were answerable, and they alone.

MIRABEAU.

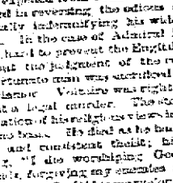
It was indeed, this very humanity which had taken the place of indifference, cruelty and despotism among the upper and ruling classes which made the bloody Revolution possible. As often happens, when the evil had nearly ceased, the penalty for the evil came, and fell on the comparatively guiltless. Thus fortune, like nature, often delays, though she never cancels, the result of heinous and sentimental injustice. It is the law that violation of law must, soon or late, bring bitter consequences, as the great French Revolution bitterly proved. The wrongs of the people had been crying through ages for redress, and redress was finally raised to the most savage fashion.

If Louis XIV and Louis XV had been as moral, as considerate, as clemency as Louis XVI, it is highly probable that the revolution would not have occurred. But the great king, as he was styled, was a born despot, and king, as he was styled, was a born despot, and [illegible]



LOUIS XV.

LOUIS XVI.



DIDEROT.

## RIPE FOR REVOLUTION.

Louis XV, with nothing like the ability of his great grandfather, was far more supremely [illegible] and [illegible]. He had intelligence enough to perceive that the kingdom was surely doomed, and his sole solicitude was that it should last as long as he [illegible] No prince ever made religion more [illegible] for while he transgressed every principle of decency, and carried [illegible] on the most shameful amours, he never failed to observe the empty ceremonials of the church. His example contributed much to the spread of skepticism, for almost any departure therefrom was naturally and generally accounted a kind of virtue. The civil and ecclesiastic courts had in his time various and bitter contests, and he and his parliaments were in frequent opposition. In the main he was a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]